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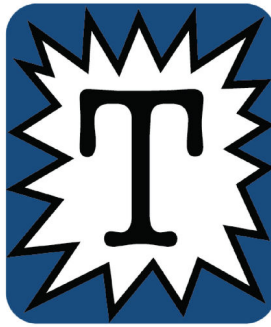
No. 509

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

CHARLES PERRAULT



Good Literature



Trajectory

PRESENTS



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BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

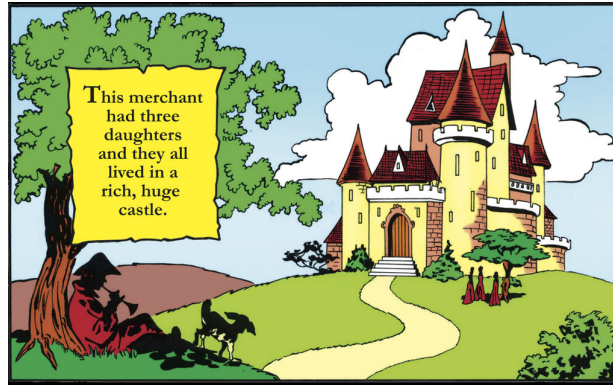
CHARLES PERRAULT



Once upon a time, there lived a very wealthy merchant. He owned many ships which sailed to all of the exciting lands of the world. These ships went to India for fine silks, to South America for gold and to England for iron and tin.



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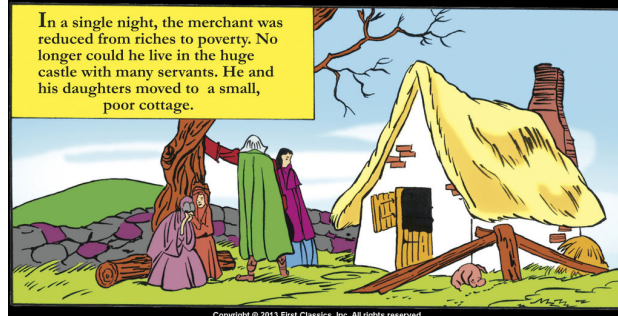


This merchant
had three
daughters
and they all
lived in a
rich, huge
castle.

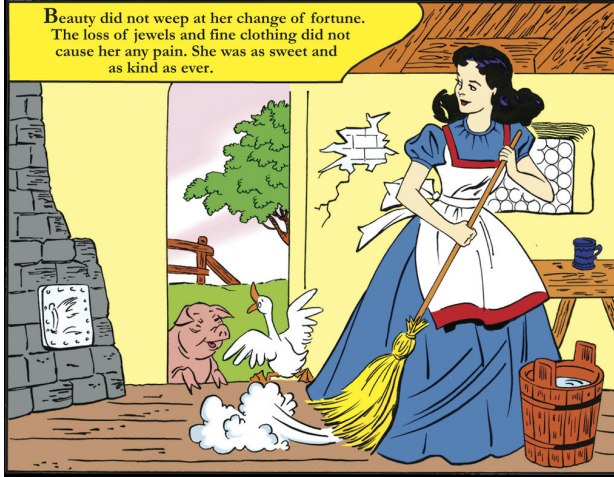


The merchant loved all three of his daughters. But the youngest, called Beauty, was his favorite. She was beautiful, not only because she had a lovely face, but because she was also kind and good.

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Beauty did not weep at her change of fortune. The loss of jewels and fine clothing did not cause her any pain. She was as sweet and as kind as ever.



She had always loved flowers, so she planted her own garden. All kinds of flowers bloomed there . . . except roses.



I have tried to grow roses so often, but they always vanish so strangely. I hope that someday I shall have a beautiful garden of roses.



But Beauty's pleasure in her new life was not shared by her sisters.



They refused to help her with housework.



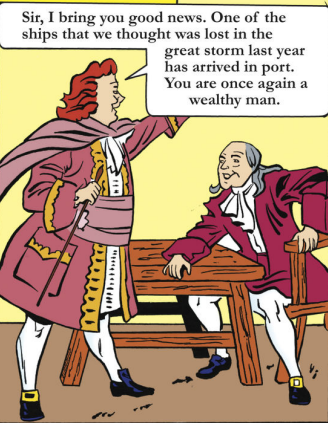
And they blamed their father for their poor clothing and loss of fine jewelry.



They were miserable. And because they were miserable, they grew ugly. Their faces became wrinkled with frowns and the corners of their mouths turned down. But Beauty, because she was happy, became more beautiful than ever.



And so, a year passed. One day, a visitor came to the cottage.



Sir, I bring you good news. One of the ships that we thought was lost in the great storm last year has arrived in port. You are once again a wealthy man.

Daughters -- do you hear that? We are rich again! I will go to the port tomorrow to claim one of my ships which did not sink last year.



Now we can have pretty jewels!

And fine clothing and a great house!

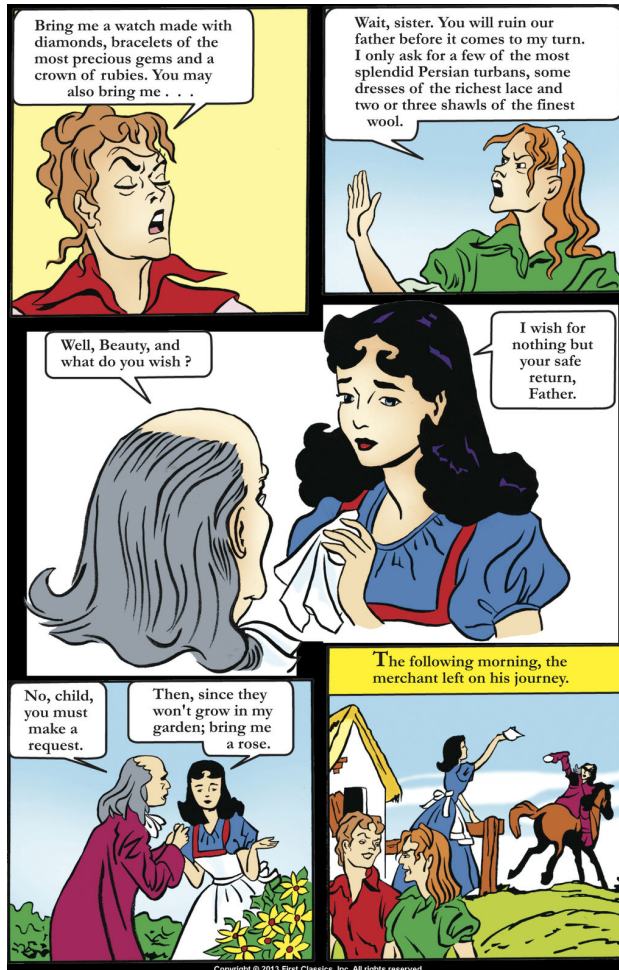
What is wrong, Beauty? You don't seem to be happy with my good fortune.



I like it so well here. I am sad that we will soon be leaving.

Ah, Beauty, you will be happier in a fine house with servants and beautiful things. Now, tell me, daughters, what presents shall I bring you when I return from my journey?





After the merchant took care of his business, he bought the presents for his two older daughters and started for home.



Toward evening, he reached a forest.



The forest was dark and stormy.
Soon . . .



As he wondered what to do, the heavens opened and the rain came pouring down.



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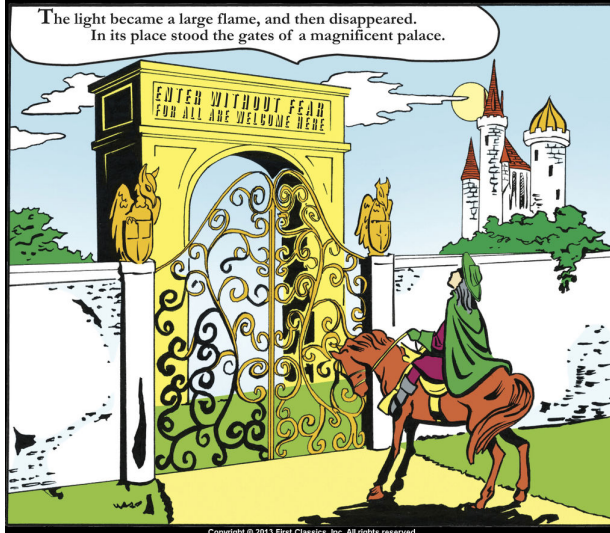
After a few moments, a sweet sound was heard.



At that instant, a small blue light appeared through the trees. The merchant rode toward the light.



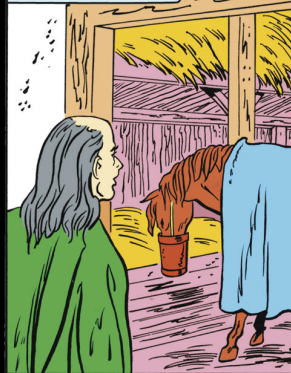
The light became a large flame, and then disappeared. In its place stood the gates of a magnificent palace.



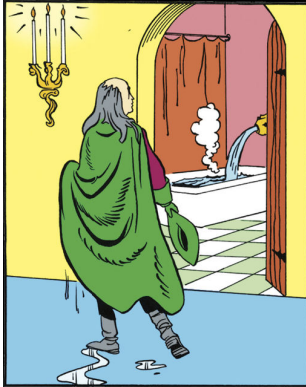
The gates suddenly opened without a sound. Although no one was to be seen, the merchant entered the courtyard and dismounted. His horse at once trotted off toward the stable, as though it knew the way.



When the merchant followed the horse to the stable, he found it all groomed and cleaned, feeding on oats and hay. But still, no one was to be seen.



The merchant left the stable and went across the courtyard into a brightly lit hallway. As he passed a door, it swung open.



He entered and saw fine clothing spread before a blazing fire. But wet and weary as he was, he was afraid to touch anything. Then he heard another sweet voice.



After bathing, the merchant dressed in the dry clothing he found. Then he walked down the hall until another door swung open into a huge dining room.



As he finished each course, the empty plates were removed by unseen hands.



When he was finished, another door opened into a bedroom. Before going to sleep, the merchant offered grateful thanks for his shelter.



The next morning, after breakfast, the merchant strolled through the gardens searching for a rose to bring Beauty. But just as he plucked one of the lovely flowers . . .

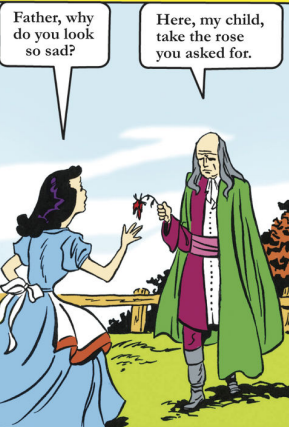


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That evening, the merchant reached his cottage. Beauty ran to meet him.



As the merchant gave Beauty the rose, a strange thing happened.



A few minutes later, Beauty had heard the strange story.





She tried to seize the rose. But as she reached for it, it flew away and . . .



. . . took refuge with Beauty.

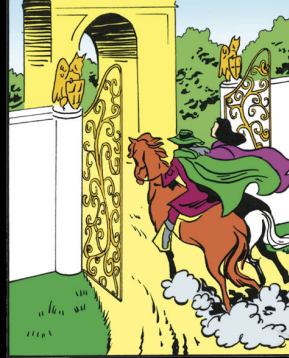


The astonished sisters realized that the rose was enchanted and they promised never again to touch it.

The week passed quickly and the morning for the departure came. The merchant insisted on taking his daughter to the Beast's palace.



As they reached the palace, the gates flew open.

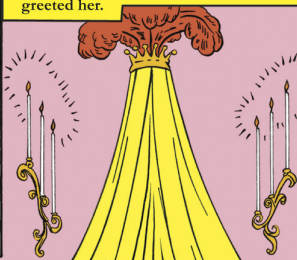


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The merchant went to his room.
further down the hall, there
was a place for Beauty.



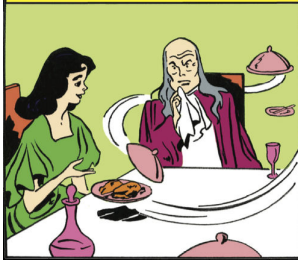
As she touched the knob, the door
swung open. Beauty stood there
breathless at the sight which
greeted her.



Beauty entered and sank into a
chair, afraid to touch anything.
Then she heard a sweet voice.



Beauty bathed and dressed. Then she met her father in the dining room. There they ate a fine dinner.



Then a voice was heard . . .

The Beast is near and wishes to appear.



I tremble at his coming.

Appear, Beast!



As the Beast approached, Beauty looked at his face and turned away in horror.

Merchant, you have kept your word. I shall try to make Beauty's time here pass pleasantly. She can have all she desires here.



The Beast's voice surprised Beauty. It was not harsh or unpleasant. It was sweet and musical. Beauty looked up, but the strange face caused her to turn away again.

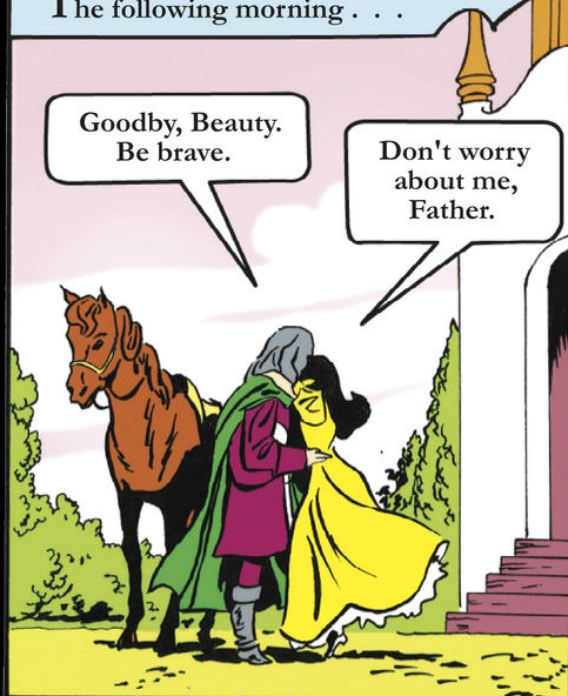
I am sorry, merchant, but you cannot stay here with Beauty. You must leave in the morning.



The following morning . . .

Goodby, Beauty. Be brave.

Don't worry about me, Father.



At first, Beauty felt terribly unhappy. But soon the wonders of the Beast's palace began to enchant her. There were . . .



lakes filled with gold and silver fish,



gardens filled with beautiful flowers and bushes,



a boat that sailed itself

and much, much more.

Beauty had everything she wanted.
But she had no one to talk to. She
was very, very lonely.



She was so lonely, in fact, that
she was happy when she heard
voice say . . .

The Beast is near
and wishes to appear.

Appear,
Beast!



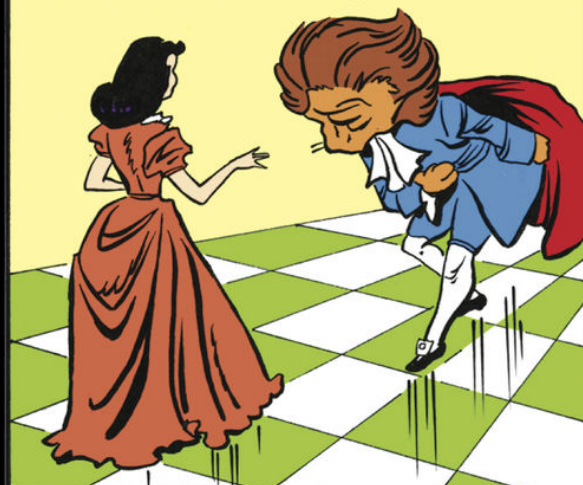
Though she wanted to see him, Beauty
could not help trembling with horror
when he approached.

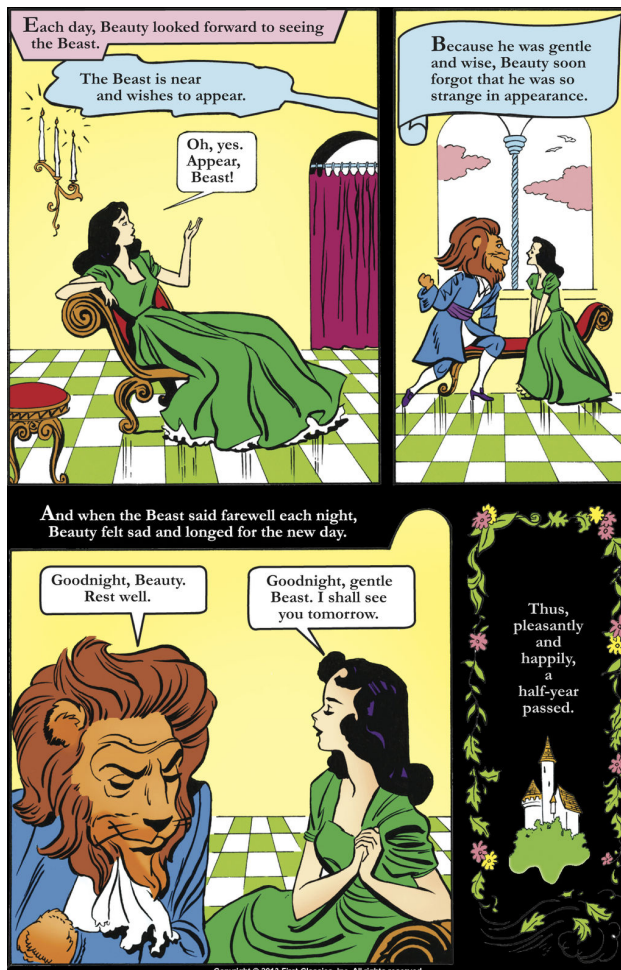
Please do not
turn from
me, Beauty. I
will not harm
you.



As the beast spoke, Beauty
became less afraid. She was
almost sorry when
evening came.

Now I must
leave.
Goodnight.





Then one evening, the Beast suddenly took Beauty's hand in his.



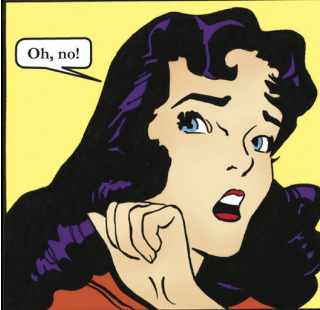
Surprised, Beauty pulled her hand away. With a deep, sad sigh, the Beast left.



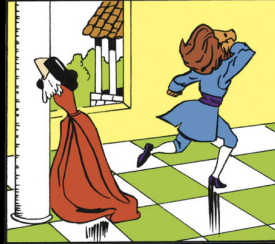
Several days later, the Beast again took Beauty's hand in his.



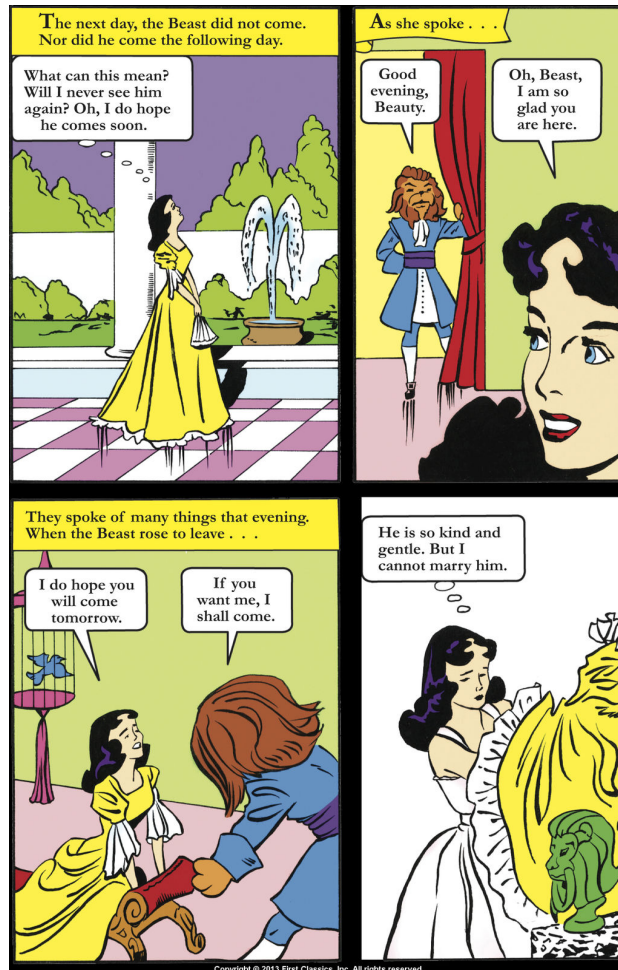
Oh, no!



The Beast groaned as though his heart was breaking, and he ran from the room.



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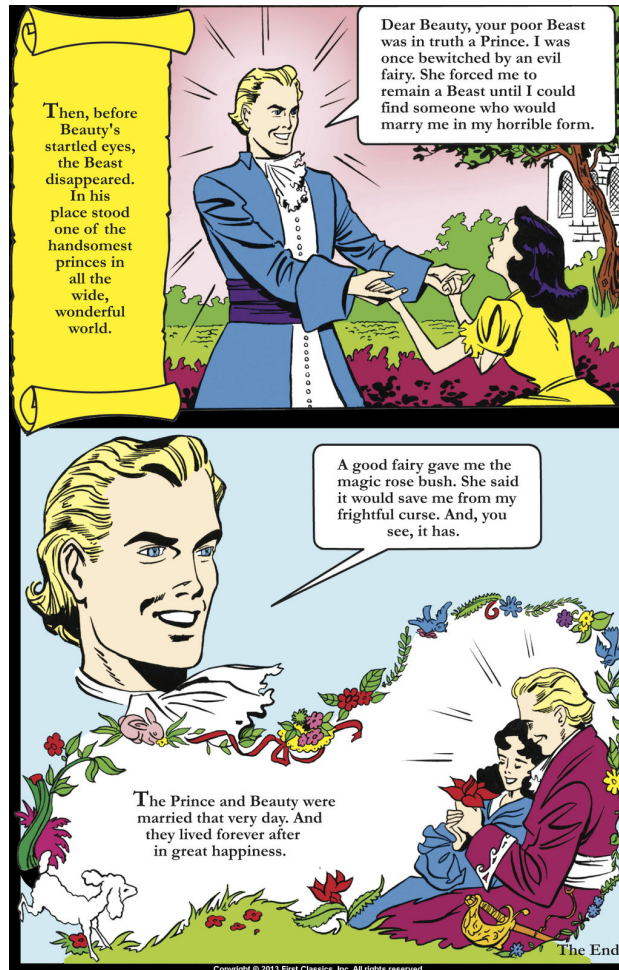




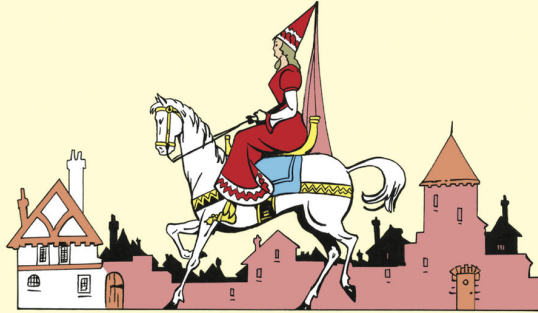












RIDE A COCK-HORSE

Ride a cock-horse to Banbury Cross,
To see an old lady upon a white horse;
Rings on her fingers and bells on her toes,
She shall have music wherever she goes.

Ride a cock-horse to Banbury Cross,
To see what Tommy can buy.
A penny white loaf, a penny white cake,
And a two-penny apple pie!





The hippopotamus is one of the largest land animals. He often grows as heavy as an elephant, but has very short legs. He lives in blazing hot Africa.

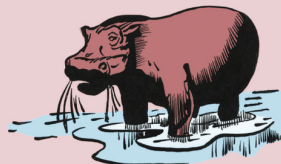
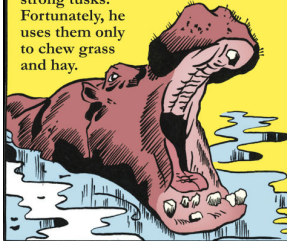


The "Hippo" is a jolly beast and loves to play with his fellows. They spend much time frolicking in the warm rivers near their homes.



When "Hippos" are at play, woe to the boat that ventures in their way. They can turn a huge war canoe over as easily as if it were a toothpick.

The gigantic mouth of a "Hippo" is like a huge red cavern. In it are powerful teeth and strong tusks. Fortunately, he uses them only to chew grass and hay.



Our friend the "Hippo" has a tiny cousin, the pygmy hippopotamus. He weighs only about one fourteenth as much as his fat cousin. He is not often found as he is shy and likes to keep to himself.

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CHARLES PERRAULT (1628-1703)

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Author of *Classics Illustrated: A Cultural History*



Charles Perrault, though not as well-known in the English-speaking world as the Brothers Grimm or Hans Christian Andersen, is one of the three great sources of European fairy tales. The French author is responsible for passing along such classic stories as *Cinderella* (CI JR No. 503), *The Sleeping Beauty* (CI JR No. 505), *Beauty and the Beast* (CI JR No. 509), *Little Red Riding Hood* (CI JR No. 510), and *Puss-in-Boots* (CI JR No. 511).

Perrault was a member of a Parisian family that distinguished itself during the reign of Louis XIV. One of his brothers, Claude, was an architect who designed the Louvre's colonnade and the Paris Observatory. Charles was trained as a lawyer and served as Comptroller of Royal Buildings. He began his literary career writing light verse and love poems.

In 1671, Perrault was elected to the illustrious French Academy. He invited the general public to his inauguration, thus breaking down a barrier between the literary elite and ordinary readers. As a member of the Academy, Perrault encouraged Louis XIV's finance minister, Jean-Baptiste Colbert, to establish a pension fund for writers and intellectuals.

The greatest literary controversy of the late 1600s was the "*Quarrel Between the Ancients and the Moderns*." In that dispute, writers such as poet and literary critic Nicolas Boileau championed the enduring relevance of ancient literature, while Perrault and others argued that the quality of literature improved as civilization progressed. Although the Ancients prevailed in Perrault's day, his views paved the way for later literary movements that rebelled against traditionalism.

The author's most enduring work appeared late in his life. *Contes de ma Mère l'Oye* (*Tales of Mother Goose*), formally known as *Histoires ou contes du temps passé avec des moralités*, was published in 1697 under the name of Perrault's son and became immediately popular. The small volume contained *La Belle au bois dormant* (*The Sleeping Beauty*), *Le petit chaperon rouge* (*Little Red Riding Hood*), *Le Maître chat, ou: Le chat botté* (*Puss-in-Boots*), *Cendrillon, ou: La petite pantoufle de verre* (*Cinderella, or: The Little Glass Slipper*), *La Belle et la Bête* (*Beauty and the Beast*), and other elegant retellings and reshaping of old stories.

Cinderella as we know it is largely Perrault's creation. His source was *La gatta cenerentola* (*Cinders-Cat*), a tale in the *Pentamerone* (1634-36), an Italian collection of fairy tales by Giambattista Basile (1575-1632). But the transformed pumpkin and mice and the stepsisters' efforts to put on the glass slipper were all the products of Perrault's imagination. More than 300 later variants of the *Cinderella* story have been discovered.

Although the long-sleep element of *The Sleeping Beauty* has parallels in ancient and medieval tales, Perrault's story is again primarily his own imaginative effort. His telling of *Little Red Riding Hood* is the first printed version. It differs considerably from the later Grimms' rendition, which adds a happy ending that has become standard.

Beauty and the Beast has been modified and amplified since Perrault's time, from Countess d'Aulnoy and Madame de Villeneuve to Jean Cocteau and Walt Disney. The earliest printed version was included in *Le piacevoli notti* (*The Nights of Straparola*), a story cycle by Gianfrancesco Straparola (c. 1480-c. 1557) that was published between 1550 and 1553. While Perrault popularized the tale, the rendition by Madame le Prince de Beaumont in *Magasin des enfants* (1756) is closer to the version known to modern readers.

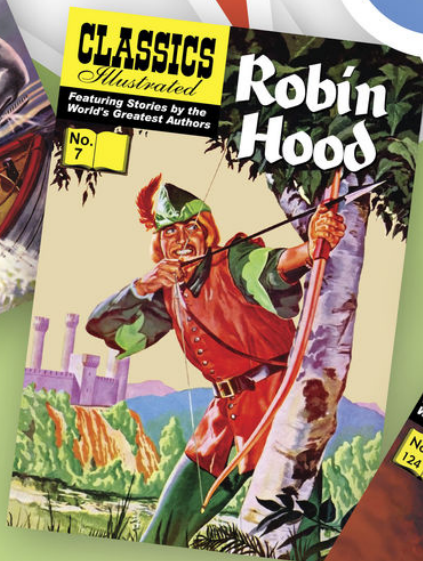
Straparola also presented *Puss-in-Boots* for the first time. Perrault's version, however, adds the ogre, the spurious title of the Marquis of Carabas, and, most importantly, the cat's boots. The French tale is infinitely wittier than the Italian original. Indeed, whatever the story he was telling and whatever the source, Charles Perrault made the material uniquely his own.

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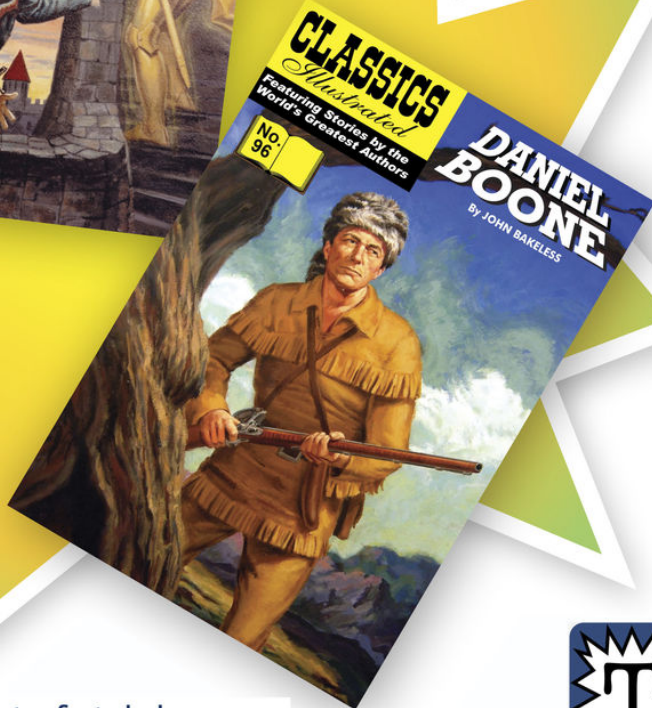


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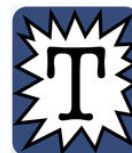
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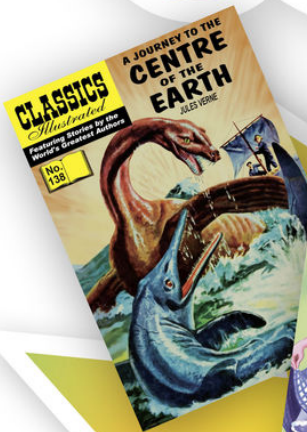


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